

The Guide to Holiness.

JUNE, 1863.

GRACE DESTROYS THE DOMINION OF SIN.

"For sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are not under the law, but under grace." Rom. 6. 14.

There are three moral conditions, determined by their relation to the law of God, in which all the individuals of any Christian community may be classified.

I. There are those said to be "without law;" that is, they are lawless. They have grieved the Holy Spirit, and hardened their hearts until they have become insensible to the claims of God's law. They live quiet, careless, undisturbed, as if it were never enjoined, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," and as if it were not written, "The soul that sinneth it shall die." They are past feeling—a state of serious peril from which there is no recovery, unless the long-suffering Spirit of God once more returns and touches the palsied soul with its divine power. How large a portion of our communities are in this condition!—moving on to eternity, light and joyous, under the sound of sanctuary bells, and the invitations of the Gospel, as utterly uninterested in them, as if Christ never died for sinners, and life and probation were not liable to be abruptly closed at any moment, or eternity in no measure affected by our character and labors here.

II. The second class is said to be "under the law." This class is alive to the claims of God upon his creatures. The individuals composing it are convicted of their failure to meet them. The law is right; it ought to be obeyed; it rests upon them as a solemn and fearful burden. The law discloses the depth, the strength, and the wickedness of the sin of the heart. It renders the convicted subject helpless. He sees the course to be pursued but cannot attain it; and from the depths of his stricken soul cries out, "O! wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death." He, in a degree, hates sin, abhors himself, is depressed with a sense of helpless weakness,—he is *under* the law.

Perhaps we might say, without exaggerating the truth, that the majority of professed Christians are still *under the law*. Sin has a reigning power over them. They are under the strivings of the Spirit; conscience is awakened; they see the path of duty; they are overwhelmed at their remissness; they try to meet the requisitions of their profession, "from principle;" but they move about like persons carrying a weight. They know not what is meant by "rejoicing with joy unutterable and full of glory." They never stand upon that elevation of the Apostle, and from a positive, personal triumph over the world, the flesh, and the devil, shout, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the *victory* through our Lord Jesus Christ." They have no freedom in loving God; they feel not the constraining love of Christ in all religious services; they bear indeed the *yoke and burden* of Christ; but they have not *learned* of him, and cannot truthfully say, "His yoke is easy and his burden is light."

III. The third class is represented as being "under grace." By this, it is not meant that the true disciple of Jesus is relieved from the claims of God's law; "God forbid!" The law—"Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself"—can never be abrogated. It is the law of angels and men forever. But the believing disciple is under a gracious discipline which does for him "what the law could not do," nor enable him to do, "being weak." The law cannot forgive, but Jesus can. "Go in peace," he says to the one that trusts fully in him—"thy sins be forgiven thee." The law cannot aid the subject to keep its precepts; but Jesus can. He cleanses the heart—"the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." He renews and strengthens the soul so that it is enabled to love God supremely, and to meet the requirements of the law of love towards his fellows. The controversy between desire and duty—between human inclination and the Divine will—is brought to a blessed termination, and the unburdened heart gently whispers—"Therefore now there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit." When the soul burdened by the condemning weight of the law and its own impotence, does fully rest upon Christ as its Saviour from sin, its sanctifier, and its present strength, the power of

Satan is broken, this helplessness to obey God is dissolved, and the redeemed soul, disenthralled by the Son, is "free indeed." The law is now loved, and is the rule of life. Christ is the indwelling Prince of the heart, and the inspirer of the affections, just as the adversary has been heretofore. His kingdom is now set up, and he reigns without a rival.

If sin has dominion over us, then we are evidently not "under grace." If our religious duties are not like *manna* to the soul; if prayer, and the fellowship of saints are attended with no delightful emotions; if duty is a burden, and we are constantly in shame and grief over our remissness, we are still "under the law" and not "under grace."

We do not come "under grace" by struggling to conquer ourselves; to overcome our easily besetting sins; by praying for it, and waiting for it to come to us; but by coming at once to "Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant." Just as I am, just where I am, just as I can, I rest my whole tormented and wounded spirit upon his promise. I now believe, according to his word, that he forgives and cleanses and takes up his abode in my heart. And on this divine assurance I trust myself. I cannot be deceived. To whom shall I go, if not to him? And "if any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine."

This glorious freedom in duty is what the Church now needs. What an impression it would make upon the world! What a power would it give Christians in their efforts for the salvation of others! "Holiness becometh thy house, O Lord, forever."

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE following from the author of "*The Hunting-dons, or Glimpses of Inner Life*," just published by us will be read with interest by our numerous readers. It is dated from Beaufort, S. C.

DEAR BROTHER DEGEN:—I have just laid aside a number of those *Guides* you were so kind as to give me just before my departure. I can hardly express to you what a comfort and means of instruction they have been to me from time to time. As I reflected upon this, I thought, "Have you nothing to give to its pages in return for all this?" Then came the text, "It is more blessed to give than to receive;" and so I have felt constrained to take my pen, and to recount somewhat to you of the Lord's dealings with me, since I came to this place. You remember, perhaps, the peculiar shrinking I felt about coming here, al-

though fully assured that God had called me to this field of labor; also, how ardently I desired the prayers of God's people. There was a reason for all this. The world says "coming events cast their shadows before." I feel that the precious Spirit, by these shrinkings and longings for divine strength, thus forewarned me of that which was to come.

I find myself situated in the heart of war excitement and a certain kind of dissipation. This war, even at home where its events can only be imagined, affects with great power the Christian life, how much more then, here, where these events are experienced, and something is constantly occurring to alarm one's fears or to stimulate hope. Were I to describe our life in one word, it would be "expectation," constant nervous expectation. Then such a variety of people brought together, brings also a great variety of interests and incidents, and all this tends to a dissipation of mind, which is subtly pernicious to the life of Christ in the soul.

I have felt all this keenly, and more so, because constant company and engrossing cares have hindered my getting as many "still hours" as I have desired. I have learned too, what Cecil means when he says, "Recollection is the life of religion. I know not how it is that some Christians can make so little of recollection and retirement. I find the spirit of the world a strong, assimilating principle. Acting from the occasion, without recollection and inquiry, is the death of personal religion. It will not suffice merely to retire to the study or the closet. The mind is sometimes, in private, most ardently pursuing its particular object; and as it then acts from the occasion nothing is farther from it than recollection. I have, for weeks together in pursuit of some scheme, acted so entirely from the occasion, that when I have at length called myself to account, I have seemed like one awaked from a dream. The fascination and enchantment of the occasion vanish. I stand like David before Nathan. Such cases are in truth, a moral intoxication? and the man is only then sober when he begins to school his heart."

Yes, the schooling of my heart in the midst of all this, has been very trying but very beneficial withal; so much so that no songs can sing the praises my heart gives to my Father for thus sending me into the battle field to be tried as by fire. Here do I meet one of the

most powerful temptations I could be exposed to, and here have I discovered as never before, my own weakness, infirmities and mistakes. Oh! how much pruning I still need. Thanks be to God, the pruning knife is in the hands of One who will apply it just *as* it is needed and just when I can bear it.

I am more and more impressed with the great "pruning work" that is now going on amongst us, both as a nation and as a people. Individuals are now being made strong through suffering and trial, and being prepared for a work God has in store for them. There can be no uncertain characters now-a-days, either for right or against it. If against it, such persons will in time certainly fall and yield their places to better ones. We have all along been watching this here, and now in Gen. Hunter, Admiral Dupont and Gen. Saxon we have noble men of Christian worth, who love their country and humanity also, and who will not forget that in striking blows to crush this rebellion, they must also crush with it, slavery.

I am glad that God has been pleased to call me to do a little in this direction. I do not forget that I am moulding young lives for future action. I have brave souls, I know, amongst the hundred which I teach day by day.

You have probably heard how pleased I am with my labors, and how encouraging everything seems in connection with the education of this people. Just that baptism of Christ's love for them I so earnestly desired I have received, and therefore I labor with much hope and zeal, and I may say—as it is wholly the gift of God—with success also.

The simple faith of these people in God is very wonderful. You have only to mention Jesus and you gain access to their hearts immediately. One thing concerning their religion I have especially noted, that is—the great enjoyment they derive from it. As a young friend remarked to me the other day, "it seems to us the only real enjoyment they had in slavery." It was certainly the only one they could hope to keep.

They have a kind of "praise meeting" occasionally, which I hear is very interesting. I have not been able to attend one as yet. How singular that they with so little *seemingly* for which to render praises, should have such a meeting, while we who are loaded with

blessings, never think of having one entirely for such a purpose. As of old, Christ delights to mingle with the poor and outcast.

Ever yours in Christ, M. L. H.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

LITTLE WILLIE.

Some have thought that in our dawning, in our being's freshest glow,
God is nearer little children than their parents ever know,
And that if you listen sharply, better things than you can teach,
And a sort of mystic wisdom trickle through their careless speech.
How it is I cannot answer; but I knew a little child
Who, among the thyme and clover, and the bees,
 was running wild—
And he came one summer evening, with his ringlets o'er his eyes,
And his hat was torn to pieces, chasing bees and butterflies.
Now I'll go to bed, dear mother, for I'm very tired of play!"
And he said his "Now I lay me," in a kind of gentle way;
And he drank the cooling water from his little china cup,
And said, gaily, "When it's morning will the angels take me up?"
There he lies, how sweet and placid! and his breathing comes and goes
Like a zephyr moving softly, and his cheek is like a rose;
But his mother leaned to listen if his breathing could be heard—
"O!" she murmured, "if the angels took my darling at his word!"
Night within its folding mantle hath the sleepers both beguiled,
And within its soft embracings rest the mother and the child;
Up she started from her dreaming, for a sound hath struck her ear—
And it comes from little Willie, lying on his trundle near.
Up she springeth, for it strikes upon her troubled ear again,
And his breath, in louder fetches, travels from his lungs in pain,
And his eyes are fixing upward on some face beyond the room,
And the blackness of the spoiler, from his cheek hath chased the bloom.
Never more his "Now I lay me" will be said from mother's knee,
Never more among the clover will he chase the humble-bee.
Through the night she watched her darling, now despairing, now in hope,
And about the break of morning did the angels take him up.

HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

11

A. HULL.

Moderato.

1. I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home ; Earth is a des - ert drear,
2. What tho' the tempest rage Heav'n is my home ; Short is my pilgrimage,

Heav'n is my home. Dan - ger and sor - row stand, Round me on
Heav'n is my home. Time's cold and win - try blast, soon will be
eve - ry hand ; Heav'n is my fa - ther-land, Heav'n is my home.
o - ver past ; I shall reach home at last , Heav'n is my home.

Rit.

Heav'n is my home.
Time's cold and wintry blast,
Soon will be over past ;
I shall reach home at last,
Heav'n is my home.
3.
There at my Saviour's side,
Heav' is my home ;
I shall be glorified,
Heav'n is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I lov'd most and best,
Therē too I soon shall rest,
Heav'n is my home.

HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

1.

I'm but a stranger here,
Heav'n is my home ;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heav'n is my home.
Danger and sorrow stand,
Round me on every hand ;
Heav'n is my father-land,
Heav'n is my home.

2.

What tho' the tempest rage,
Heav'n is my home ;
Short is my pilgrimage,

Heav'n is my home.
Time's cold and wintry blast,
Soon will be over past ;
I shall reach home at last,
Heav'n is my home.

3.

There at my Saviour's side,
Heav' is my home ;
I shall be glorified,
Heav'n is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I lov'd most and best,
Therē too I soon shall rest,
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